THE PACIFIC

VOL. 59. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., SEPTEMBER 16, 1909. . 37

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC

WHAT IS SUNSHINE?

"A little gold amidst the gray—
That's sunshine;
A little brigthtness on the way—
That's sunshine;
A little spreading of the blue,
A little widening of the view,
A little heaven breaking through—
That's sunshine.

A little looking for the light—
That's sunshine;
A little patience through the night—
That's sunshine;
A little bowing of the will,
A little resting on the hill,
A little standing very still—
That's sunshine.

A little smiling through the tears—
That's sunshine;
A little faith behind the fears—
That's sunshine;
A little folding of the hand,
A little yielding of demand,
A little grace to understand—
That's sunshine."

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The indications are that the attendance at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition will total nearly twice the attendance at the Lewis and Clark exposition four years ago in Portland. The estimate now is that it will amount to four million by the middle of October.

Of course Hood River apple growers are jubilant. The union has sold its entire output to a New York firm at an average price higher than that of last year which was $2.25 a box. There were 75,000 boxes of fancy fruit and the purchaser says he would have bought all even if it had amounted to 500,000 boxes.

There has been considerable demand for "The Master-Man," a five cent edition of "Jesus' Life in Words of the Scriptures," compiled by the Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong of Seattle. The little book contains sixty-four pages, and is of vest pocket size. More than 4000 copies have been used in Seattle by the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. and other organizations. Christian associations in different parts of the country are making use of them.

The judge at Vancouver, Washington, who refuses to comply with the law which requires of judges the wearing of a gown in open court, is not worthy of his position. Neither is the governor who violates the law against tipping. A better example than is thus given is needed from men in official position. Think of it! a judge and a governor, men to whom we look for the enforcement of law deliberately and brazenly violating law themselves. "O tempora, O mores"—O, the times, O, the customs!

At a recent meeting of the Portland Ministerial Association there was considerable discussion as to the advisability of receiving delegations from the laobr organizations and of sending delegations to attend labor meetings. "Finally, aftetr a plea by the Rev. J. R. Knodell, of the Anti-Saloon League, for the preservation of the good feeling just building between the Church and the labor people," says the Oregonian, "and a warm second by Dr. Foulkes, of the First Presbyterian Church, it was decided that the Association would send fraternal delegates to such meetings."

September the 11th was "New England Day" at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. That week the Rev. Dr. F. J. Van Horn, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, contributed to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer an article on "New England's Contribution to the Moral Life of the West," in which he said: "Far beyond the measure of her resources New England poured out her money and sent her children to carry the spirit of the Pilgrims over an empire as wide as the stormy Pilgrim sea. They have not done all the good that has been done, but they have certainly done their share. Go where you will between the oceans, and in every movement for civic righteousness, for moral uplift, for the safe-guarding of law, for the recognition of character, for preserving the sacredness of personality, for conserving the rights of society—there you will find in the fore-front the men of the Pilgrim spirit." Speaking of the meagerness of her natural resources, Dr. Van Horn says: "When one considers her small territory, her waste and rocky hills, her thin cold soil, it easily appears that she as had an industrial and commercial importance which could not have been predicted. It is not that she did so much, but that she did so much with so little that is astonishing." But that which came from them in the realm of morals was what might be expected naturally. "These were England's best. They had come out of the fires of persecution. They were the products of Cambridge training; they were 'Independents' because they loved liberty. They were Congregationalists because they valued their consciences. They became Pilgrims because they were willing to lose all else if only they might keep the rights of conscience and worship."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Cooperative kitchens in New York flats are being considered. It is said that the scheme will enable each housekeeper to determine precisely the sort of food she will have, and that those who prefer to do their own buying can have the provisions delivered at the kitchen merely to be cooked. There will always be a series of dishes or classes of meals from which the residents can order as they may choose.

The conclusion at the international medical congress last week at Budapest was to the effect that surgeons had been too much inclined to operations for appendicitis. There were three groups of opinions. One favoring an operation in all cases; another an operation in selected cases, and a third which opposed all operations. The advocates in the last group claimed that they would be able to show the lowest mortality. One noted Berlin surgeon advocated an operation if it could be performed within twenty-four or forty-eight hours; otherwise not unless sudden complications threatened life.

The editor of the Tokio Times, Mr. Motosoko Sumato, on a business trip to New York City has expressed a deep pity for American husbands. He says: "The men here show no placid or rested look. They look careworn and weighted down with responsibilities. They do not look happy. The American woman does not look happy or contented. Her ambition is overwhelming. It is not strange she is not contented or happy under such circumstances. She is ambitious in scores of ways of which Japanese wo-

men know nothing. The American husband is an American slave. It always strikes a stranger here that the most expensive feature of American life is the American wife. In no other country in the world do women appear to dress as they do here. Even the shop girls dress better than women of wealth in other lands." Unfortunately this Japanese visitor has had only glimpses of our civilization. It is not all as he pictures it. But there is that in what he says to which we may well take heed. We are not all the world's people and wisdom will not die with us. We can learn from others, even from the Asiatic.

A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

Speaking of the home life of the late Edward H. Harriman, Mr. I. W. Hellman, a San Francisco banker, says: "As an example of what his family meant to him, I recall what he said to me when I visited him on my way to Europe. I had recently lost my wife and I was feeling very desolate. I could not seem to grow accustomed to the vacant place. I mentioned this to Harriman and he said to me: 'I know just how you feel, because we have passed through such an experience in the death of our eldest son. We could not grow accustomed to his loss and it seemed as if nothing would satisfy our craving to see him or fill the void in our hearts until I struck upon the idea of acting and talking as if he were with us, and it is surprising what comfort that has been to us since.' He counselled me to begin to do likewise, and it was surprising what a comfort his example has been to me since."

There are not a few bereaved people who have gotten comfort not only by acting and talking as if their departed loved ones were with them but in really believing it. Among our California friends are a father and mother, members of one of our Congregational churches, who believe that their son, who was taken from them into the other life a few years ago, comes to them frequently and communicates with them.

W. T. Stead, the noted English journalist, put himself on record a few months ago as "convinced by the pressure of a continually accumulating mass of first-hand evidence of the truth of the persistence of personality after death, and the possibility of intercourse with the departed."

This, he says, has been his conviction for more than fifteen years, but he said always during those years that he would wait until someone in his own family had passed away before he would finally declare in the most public manner that conviction. Last December Stead wrote: "Twelve months ago this month of December I saw my eldest son, whom I had trained in the fond hope that he would be my successor, die at the early age of thirty-three. The tie between us was the closest. No one could deceive me by fabricated spurious messages from my beloved son. Twelve months have now passed in almost every week of which I have been cheered and comforted by messages from my boy who is nearer and dearer to me than ever before."

Doubtless there are readers of The Pacific who will think that this is all "moonshine." But no one can study the experiments that have been made in which all possibility of fraud has been excluded and escape from the wonder whether we are not surrounded by invisible beings, just as we are by unknown forces. Camille Flammarion says: "We are living in the midst of an unexplored world in which the psychic forces play a role as yet very imperfectly studied. We have here a situation analagous to that in which Christopher Columbus found himself on the evening of the day when he perceived the first hint of land in the New World. We are pushing our prow through an absolutely unknown sea."

Eminent men who are making a study in the most scientific ways that are possible now tell us that there are many of these phenomena that cannot be explained on the theory of telepathy, and that the spiritistic hypothesis is the most tenable. As another has said, "it is an axiom of science that one must keep to the nearest and most seemingly natural theory in attempting to explain facts which are not yet scientifically accounted for."

Writing concerning these phenomena, and showing how unsatisfactory are all attempts to explain by telepathy and the working of the sub-conscious mind, Dr. Minot J. Savage says: "I have never had an experience or known of a well-authenticated account of one which might not be rationally explained on the supposition that there are invisible beings about us, who are interested in our affairs, and who under certain conditions come into contact with our lives."

In view of the void in countless lives we believe that the work of the Psychic Research Society is of tremendous importance. When the late William E. Gladstone, England's Prime Minister, accepted membership in it, he said: "The work of the Society is the most important work which is being done in the world to-day—by far the most important."

If any of the readers of "The Pacific" are troubled with the thought that these investigations may be irreligious or damaging to religion take note of the following from a noted doctor of divinity, the Rev. Dr. I. K. Funk of the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls:

"What if Crookes and Lodge and Wallace and James and Hyslop should succeed in placing a scientific foundation under psychic communications, and these communications should place a scientific foundation under a future existence, and make scientifically possible and believable the birth and resurrection of Christ? Would not that be religious? And what if psychic research is the scientific unfolding of God's plan in these latter days when criticism is making it harder and still harder to believe testimony that has come down to us through ages of darkness?

"Put a scientific certainty under faith in the continuity of life, then it is easy to believe that the Church will no longer hobble along on crutches, hobble even though the crutches be of gold; but that it will fly as in Pentecostal days. At every step of progress there is need—notonly of courage and of a lofty idealism, but also of common sense, of sanity—never more needed than to-day."

There are not a few who think that it would be easier to believe that God's angelic host did the things they are said to have done among the Israelites in Old Testament times, and that Christ talked with Moses and Elias on the Mount, if what the Psychic Research Society is seeking to establish is established.

POLITENESS.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

Voltaire has said that politeness is to the mind and heart, what grace or elegance is to the face—the pleasant and agreeable reflection of the soul's most cherished vir-

tues. Duclos observes that politeness is the expression or imitation of the social virtues. Labruyere claims that the spirit of politeness when manifested in us will urge to such careful attention to words and manners on our part that all who are fortunately placed in our company will feel its influence to such a degree that they will be satisfied with us and with themselves.

To these definitions from among the leading writers of France, the land of polite manners, let the writer add the thought that politeness is nothing more than the natural goodness and kindliness of heart put into practice. With this definition in mind, it is apparent that this virtue cannot properly be said to exist without morality and sympathy. The popular idea is misleading, utterly false indeed as to the true meaning of politeness, by making it only a deceptive mask, which one puts on before the world to conceal bad habits or evil passions, or to make a display of virtues that are only veneer; hence it must be all sham, all hypocrisy, all simulation—nothing more. Believe not those who give this definition, for they most certainly speak to you with the frankness of the fox that had lost his tail.

To merit the reputation of the polished gentleman requires that one should actually be such under any and every circumstance—abroad, at home—a feat too great for him who does not possess the inward, invisible spirit that gives life and potency to the outer visible act or symbol. And yet conventional politeness is better than none. Even hypocritical forms of polish are better than absolute boorishness often assumed under the excuse of frankness. A man may commence with conventional politeness, yet in consequence of the refining, ennobling influence of the society into which he enters, may conclude by becoming really refi,ned himself. The vices are contagious but so also are the virtues. Goodness is as communicable as badness. Example then is catching. Its power is proverbial. We are all constituted to be moved by it as well as directed. It has more influence than arguments, however forcible or logical. The hypocrite in manners is often conquered by the example of those into whose company he chooses to thrust himself. He has placed himself where he becomes inoculated so to speak with the contagion of the good as once he had been with the virus of the bad. The very fact that a young man chooses to put on the mask of an outward fair conduct is a proof that he believes that refinement and politeness are preferable to coarseness and sensuality.

True, genuine politeness is but the natural language of the soul, and every man who has a refined soul speaks that language. Such a one may not know how to conduct himself according to conventional forms in a drawing room. He may be ignorant of the proprieties. He may sit ungracefully in his chair. He may gnaw his beard or use his knife for his fork, but you will never find him wanting in doing what he can to help others, to add to the prosperity and happiness of others. He will naturally act courteously to everybody because he will be naturally self-sacrificing, unselfish. Here is the rough jewel—the politeness of soul. Now polish the jewel, give him education and refinement and you will now have in him the gentleman and all the nobility which that word implies. But to be self-sacrificing, unselfish, demands consecration to the ideal Christ set up, and such a consecration makes a Christian; now add to the Christian the knowledge and practice of the refined acts of polite society and you have the Christian gentleman.

WHERE BRITAIN EXCELS IN TEMPERANCE METHODS

By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D.

Although no voting was allowed at the 12th International Congress on Alcoholism in London, whenever the delegates of the United States reported our gains of "dry" territory there was "a show of hands" in unanimous and tumultuous applaiuse, which proclaimed prohibition the goal to which the delegates of all the twenty five commonwealths in five continents looked forward with eager hope. And our compulsory temperance education in public schools was more quietly recognized as another point in which the United States leads the world.

But lest we should halt our battle in too great content, let us remember that in spite of our gains in prohibition territory the per capita consumption of intoxicating beverages has increased every year for half a century, except in times of financial depression, which shows plainly that educational work for total abstinence is not keeping up with the campaigns for legal prohibition. To strengthen our forces at this weak point we may well consider ten methods of temperance work in which Britain leads, and let me also note seven, most of them the very methods we need to convince those who are against the public bar but not against the personal use of beer, that it is not alone the atmosphere of the saloon but the alcohol that does the harm, even when taken in "moderation."

Municipal Posters on "Alcoholism and Physical Degeneracy"

Britain excels both the United States and Canada in the use of official municipal posters, a plan originated in France when deaths exceeded births, which medical societies attributed, not to drunkenness, which is rare in France, but to daily tippling, which they proclaimed the chief cause of chronic poisoning known scientifically as **alcoholism,** to which, more than to anything else, they attributed the decay of France. To fight alcoholism therefore was seen to be a patriotic duty—as indeed it is everywhere. Posters were therefore put upon the city hall of Paris, and in hospitals and drug stores and elsewhere in the name of "The French Republic," under the mottoes, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," warning the people not alone or chiefly against drunkenness and strong liquors, but also against "beer and wine" "even although used not to the extent of drunkenness," which "lead to chronic poisoning." About one hundred British cities have put up similar posters at the order of the city council or the health department, and the highest authorities have decided that such a use of public money to protect the public health is as legitimate as any other sanitary expenditure. The best elements of French and British posters the International Reform Bureau has combined in a poster widely used in Australia, which in a few American cities, has been signed by mayors as a proclamation.

In foreign countries every one of these posters is put up by a city that license the traffic. Surely every city under prohibition by local vote of state law should put up the poster to "make it unanimous"—diminishing lawlessness and social friction and to continue the policy of "no license."

Let the United States and Canada refuse to lag behind France and Britain in this newest and best method of scientific temperance education **"extension."**

Let Total Abstainers Get Their Own in Insurance Rebates.

It is amazing that in our thrifty "Yankee nation," total abstainers should for half a century have failed to demand the extra twenty five per cent of insurance rebates to which the statistics of actuaries have shown they are entitled, on the basis of tests begun in England sixty years ago, reports of which can be had of the United Kingdom Temperance and Provident Institution or the Sceptre Life Association, both of London. The New York Equitable and perhaps one or two other insurance companies of the United States have made a separate classification for abstainers and moderate drinkers, but for the most part our abstainers seem to be indifferent to what might be made not only a gain in money but a great argument for abstinence as of physical and economic value. No laboratory experiment can compare with actuary statistics of thousands of lives during a test of sixty years. Let some patient statistician figure out from the files of a great insurance office what it would have meant to our country in added years of valuable lives if all except those recorded as abstainers could have lived and done their work and drawn their salaries for one fourth more years. And in any case let our temperance societies, to strengthen their argument and increase the funds of their supporters, demand in the United States, where abstainers are a large per cent of the population than in any other sovereign nation, that insurance companies shall generally recognize the right of abstainers to the rebates that British tests have proved to belong to them.

Juvenile Temperance Associations.

Think of three choirs of five thousand each, all abstaining members of British Bands of Hope, singing in the Crystal Palace in one day to seventy thousand people! That was one of the grand reviews of the largest of several juvenile temperance associations in Great Britain, whose total at last report was almost four millions. At the same rate per thousand we should have at least eight millions in the Loyal Temperance Legion, which has even a better scheme of study and work but is found only in a few places because we have thought temperance lessons in public and Sunday-schools sufficient for training the young in this matter, forgetting "the gang spirit" which is stronger than any school task in influencing a boy's life. Not even church membership can take the place of the association of those pledged not only to abstain but to promote the cause. The temperance lessons would not be so generally neglected as they are in both public and Sunday-schools, if there were juvenile temperance associations to take charge of quarterly temperance Sundays and to support public school teachers in what is now often an unpopular task, especially by the British plan of sending skilled lecturers, with charts, to the schools—the very thing needed just now in the United States. There is no way we can so effectively reduce the consumption of liquors as to mobilize the children in temperance associations. Why should not the whole Sunday-school work as a Loyal Temperance Legion on Quarterly Temperance Sunday, with recitations and addresses on the assigned lesson and an enrollment of pledged members?? And let all not already bearing "silent but constant testimony" for abstinence by a white ribbon, wear a blue ribbon or blue button to "show their colors." It would be a splendid free masonry if the world over abstainers of all societies and of no society might know each other wherever they meet by the white or blue token.

Lodges as Saloon Substitutes.

We have too few temperance associations of adults, secret or open, that meet regurarly for comradship and the study of our great theme in small groups. Occasional mass meetings can not take the place of weekly or monthly meetings of associated abstainers, of whom there were five millions in an organized army half a century ago in the United States, when for ten years the abolition of drink and slavery ran "neck and neck" in public interest, with bar rooms prohibited in every northern state from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, except New Jersey. The present "wave" of reform has not risen so high and will not, I believe, until not only faithful women but men also are drilled in local companies. Then we may persuade the man who votes "No license" for others to vow "No liquor for me." In Sweden, half a million are enrolled in total abstinence societies, most Good Templars, and they have sent thirty-six of their members to Parliament. We can not count as many men in Congress sent there chiefly to promote prohibition—not one indeed. One of the manifest defects in our propaganda is that our temperance work, save that of the W. C. T. U., is mostly attempted at the national capital and at the capitals of the states, and even in these we have only a few captains—no rank and file except the brave women, who were not made to serve alone.

Temperance Hotels.

When many good temperance hotels are found all over England, Scotland and Ireland, some of them earning as high as twelve per cent on the investment, in a country where dividends are usually lower than with us and where abstainers are much fewer, it is surprising that we have hardly half a dozen hotels outside of prohibition territory worthy to be compared with the West Central of London or the Cockburn of Edinburgh. It is certainly one of the fields where philanthropic investments on a paying basis might be even more wisely made than in model lodging houses, for these last are mostly used for men already impoverished by drink, while the hotels might save many of the traveling men before they are caught in the temptations incident to every hotel where liquors are sold. The common saying that "a hotel can not succeed without a bar" means no more than to say a man could make more money by becoming a pugilist than as a physician. Hundreds of hotels have paid as reasoable a return as average investments without the blood money of a bar.

Officials and Labor Leaders Active in Temperance Work.

Under the British Monarchy, there are thirty men in Parliament who were sent there by the Labor Party, but there are not enough to count thus commissioned in the Congress of our Republic. I once spoke of this contrast,

in calling on Speaker Reed with a labor deputation. With mock indignation he replied, "Don't you know we are all the champions of labor when we are not championing the soldier?" Mr. Reed would not, even as a joke, have intimated any general zeal among congressmen for being regarded as champions of temperance. But these labor men in Parliament not only are sworn to abstinence when engaged in public service, but vote to a man for temperance measures.

Many other members of Parliament also preside at temperance meetings—indeed there is seldom such a meeting where some high official does not preside, and there is scarcely a reform society whose chief officer is not a government officer—in striking contrast to the United States where most of the reform societies have had to take a preacher for President because officials, and laymen of prominence generally, pray to be excused.

However, I am persuaded that this is partly the fault of our reformers, for returning from a foreign tour in which I got the habit of having a Lord Mayor in the chair, I have found many of our mayors ready to preside at meetings intended for civic betterment, even though they may not agree with all that will be said In one British city, the sheriff excused himself from presiding because he **"had a previous engagement—to lead a Methodist class meeting:"** That is the sort of city officials they have in other lands—and why should we not select our best for our rulers?

The activity of labor leaders in and out of Parliament and of public officials generally in temperance reform, and the willingness of the best men to serve as public officials even without salary, are six, seven and eight in the list of points in which Britain shows us the way, to which might be added as nine and ten, the activity of college professors both in politics and moral reform and of doctors of eminence in scientific experimentation on alcohol. If our physiologists and doctors were generally up to date in teaching that the chief harm of alcohol comes, not from occasional drunkenness but from daily tippling which cuts off ten per cent from physical and mental efficiency, we should not see such a man as Mr. Watterson defending drinking habits on the ground that not one in a hundred of the tipplers becomes a drunkard. Temperance orators would also cease, on their side, to argue as if the danger of becoming a drunkard or leading others to drunkenness is the bull's eye we are aiming at, and would magnify the new and old proofs that society suffers most—not from the one per cent of drunkards, but from the ninety nine who are never drunk and never sober.

THAT BOY OF YOURS.

By Frederick E. George.

A photo lies before me—the photo of a boy— a beautiful boy. He reclines against a great tree, one arm thrown around the gnarled grey trunk. An ivied wall forms a picturesque background.

Dark curls tumble from his finely shaped head, encircling it like an aureole and falling in soft undulations on his shoulders. His upturned face at once compels attention, for it is not an ordinary face. The exquisitely molded features, the great brown eyes with their long fringe-like lashes, beaming with hope, innocence, imagination and the joy of living; the fine aquiline nose and pensive curving lips all unite to form an ideal picture such as might inspire a poet or be the envy and the despair of a sculptor.

What a perfect specimen of boyhood! What pride must fill his father's heart! What joy must fill that father's hopes and aspirations as he looks down the long vista of years and beholds his boy—a man!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Years pass. Seated in my study my thoughts wander back to the old days. I think of all "my boys" out in the world now—some in college—some already in business—and I wonder how they are "turning out." I wonder if any of the little lessons have struck home and if they find life a little pleasanter for my having lived.

A knock at my door and a letter is handed in. As I hastily open it a photo falls to the floor.

———————— University,
October, 5th, '07.

Dear Professor:

It was very kind of you to remember me on my birthday. I have read the book you sent me and wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for it. I wish my father had given me something like that to read two years ago.

I am trying to live up to the standards you set before me but it is very hard to do so in this place. There is no restraint whatever on the boys. They come to lectures or stay away as they please and nobody seems to care.

Thanks for your words of encouragement. I am trying to keep cheerful and to make each failure a stepping-stone to success, but I get blue very ofen. But I am trying and you are helping me to lift myself up. ————————

Write soon again.
M————————

Little M————————! Six years since I have seen him! Six short years and now he is in college.

Ah, the photo! What? Impossible—but yet! there is that finely poised head and those glorious luminous eyes—the same—but with what a difference! The innocence, the straightforward frankness is gone; one eyelid seems to droop; those lines—that indecision, cigarettes—and—and other things,—yes, other things.

I gaze earnestly at the picture of the youth and then I draw from an old book the photo of the boy, with head erect, one arm thrown around the gnarled grey trunk of a great tree.

How can I help condemning a humanity that allows such things to be? Our educational system; our modern ideas of modesty are all wrong. It is false modesty that prevents the parent from giving a straightforward answer to the natural questionings and wonderings of his son! False modesty that turns a pure innocent child to the gutter for an answer which he always gets—clothed in the vilest and most filthy language! False modesty that prevents our schools from giving our boys in a clean, truthful manner, the knowledge necessary for their very existence.

"AN ARREST OF THE CHURCH." WHY?

The question is worth while because the fact is patent, and it is of mighty import to the world that the reason of the fact be found.

Is it the lack of fresh quickenings of the Spirit of God in men's understanding, affections and purposes? On God's side of the problem we say, Yes, it is.

But on man's side, the side of the church, can we find anything lacking which we can supply?

It has occurred to this present writer to put the question to himself and his fellows whether we have not forgotten or neglected the fact that the Kingdom of God for which the church is laboring to advance is the Kingdom of God **in Christ.** "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," He said. It is different from the Kingdom of God in the Jewish days or the Greek days or the Unitarian days of our time or any time. Now we have days of the reign of the King, God **in Christ,** who has given His message of power in the good news which He has commissioned His disciples to give to the world, "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name unto all the nations, beginning from Jerusalem." It is good news only for sinners and those who care for sinners; it is nothing for the unsinning or the righteous. In all the Christian ages the power of Christianity to win men to God has lain where Paul put it, has it not? "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that One died for all, therefore all died, and He died for all that they that live should no longer live unto themselves but unto Him who for their sakes died and rose again." The Jew had a perfect law, but Judaism could not save the world. It was arrested. Nor could the ethics of Socrates or Marcus Aurelius, nor can modern ethical sermons do it, good and necessary as they are, but redeemed sinners can do it, with **Christ's Spirit** in them. Can they not? **All men are sinners!**

S. M. FREELAND.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Promised Wedding.

God had given me long ago the love and confidence of a little Sunday-school girl in the dear Mayflower Sunday-school at beautiful Pacific Grove. Beside prayer meetings and picnics she had probably seen that I tried to make church weddings interesting to young people, though it always seemed to me homes were the best places for weddings. In some glad and impulsive moment she had said: "When I get married, pastor, you shall tie the knot." Do you think I put the promise in my journal? What's the matter with a pastor's heart? The memory of the heart is the best place to treasure sweet promises. Girls do sometimes forget. This sweet maid did not. She spun a web about a splendid fellow's heart and told me she was coming to fulfil her promise. Would I fulfil mine? Would I?? Best of all they were glad to accept our invitation to be the first pair wedded under our Oaks. I had always wanted to add that charm to the sweet and sacred memories of the consecrated home.

Bernice co-operated. The manly groom would have gone to Bombay or to Labrador to claim his bride. So they stood on the sightly hill top, turning toward the North Star. But they were in the sunlight. Heaven's love and earth's sweetest passion was in hearts and eyes. Dear friends and sweet children kin came with them. Ranch work stopped for all hands for the best work was doing. Beauty knew something important was on hand and held her bark until the greetings began. Billy White-feet purred and caressed the bride's skirt with his pretty paws. Under God's blue sky and with the great seal of the State of California the sacred words were spoken and Philip and Bernice were one. Many friends wave blessings and breathe prayers as these dear ones start for their home and work in the chief city of the sunny South. "He setteth the solitary in families."

A Sweet Funeral.

This had not been promised. But it was in the heart and thought of the same Infinite Father who smiled on the sweet hill-top wedding.

A dear only sister came to the wedding with the mother who had a mother's smiles and tears as she gave up her only remaining daughter for a love tender as her own. The telephone brought sudden word that this happy and handsome matron had been suddenly summoned. Her stay at the hospital was to be brief. The operation was not dangerous. Yet the best surgeons cannot promise life, and the husband and father did not reach her for one farewell word. Just gone. All unconscious of the sermon he was preaching he braced up like a Christian to meet the new demand. An immense school of California children forbade his breaking down. A large circle of sympathetic kin would be helped or hurt, according as his faith was strong. Four healthy, happy children would have more or less faith in the gospel father professed according to his faith. So he sorrowed as Christians sorrow and came a sustained disciple to bring the dust of his beloved to the sweet Grove, the home of her childhood. That Sunday afternoon service in the cemetery was an argument for the Christian religion. So many friends met the train from Oakland, so many hands prepared a grave that seemed soft as a bed in the beautiful sand. Those mats concealed the few clods. They were so clean for the girls to kneel on who brought heaps of flowers and made Ruth's last sleeping-place beautiful. There were more smiles than tears. Tennyson's Pilot had met the dear departed face to face and some of the light and glory of the City Beautiful shone in the faces of those who felt heaven was as real a city as Ruth's and Bernice's New Orleans. And so the words of Doctor William Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle were proved true: "The sorrows of the Christian are sweeter than the joys of the world." They were. The wedding had the joy of the wine of Cana. The funeral had the comfort of Him who wept with Mary and Martha. Hail, Bride of Earth! Hail, bride of Heaven! Pastor Goodell's greeting is as real as Aloha's. May the sweetness of both scenes linger helpfully in the memories of all who shared them until this mortal shall put on immortality.

A Strong Comrade For the Battle.

I have been so happy as to come near to Rev. Albert B. Shields, D.D., of Boston, who has been called from a long and honored pastorate in the Episcopal Church in Boston to the superintendency of St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco, which he accepts to aid intelligent phychotheraphy.

This brother of brains and heart, overflowing with a sane humanitarianism, needs but to be seen and heard to be trusted and loved. He is the representative of the Emmanuel Movement on this coast.

A large and interested special audience at Saratoga heard him with delight and urged his coming again. As Paul was all things to all men if by all means he might save some, this wholesome brother believes in physicians, medicine, science, prayer, and the whole influence of the gospel of Divine Love to bring men to their heritage as the sons of God. His new duties are arduous but so far as time and strength permit he heartily preaches the gospel in any church of Jesus Christ.

A GREAT MISSIONARY GATHERING.

An attractive program is out for the annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society at Elgin, Illinois, October 6-8. The only speakers from the Pacific Coast will be the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of Los Angeles, who is announced for the topic, "Kingdom Building in the West Half of Our Country," and the Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith of Seattle, who is one of those to whom is assigned the topic, "The Call of the West," and Superintendent Rathbone of the Northwest California Conference of Congregational Churches. The topic of the latter will be "In Coast Lands." Professor Hill of McCormick Theological Seminary, a Presbyterian institution in Chicago, is to speak on "The Outlook for Interdenominational Cooperation."

Among the topics are: "The Imperative Call for Advance in Work for Immigrants," "The Imperative Call for Advance in City Evangelization."

The president of the Society, the Rev. Dr. C. S. Mills of St. Louis, will speak on "The Imperative and Inspiring Home Mission Task Which Confronts Us."

Addresses are announced from field superintendents on "In Timber Lands, In Coast Lands, In Mormon Lands, In Copper Lands, In Arid Lands."

Dr. Herring, the general secretary, says in a letter to the editor of The Pacific: "We are very happy in our approaching freedom from debt. Our next tussle will be to keep out of debt."

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for September 26—"How Missionaries Win Souls For Christ." I Corinthians 9:19-23.

Primarily, they go to their fields with this one intent. That colors the entire ministration. It is the thread on which the beads of their work are hung, and no matter how varied their experiences, they are guided by the thread. The motive back of life is the all differentiating power. In the monastic age Christians considered their chief occupation was to form a saintly character, and as the world was full of temptations and offsets to the production of saints, the way to attain to saintly character was by seclusion, shut within lofty walls, given over to meditation, studying sacred books. Such Christians would scarcely win souls. Men get what they strive eagerly for. The missionary is no exception.

Missionaries are content to wait while they work, for they feel that their labors "are not in vain," though they may see small returns. They have caught the idea that a thousand years in God's sight are but as a day, and their labor is only a part of this long lapse of time. Faith in the ability of God to accomplish great results in the long run, and willingness to contribute their share for the time being, prompts men to consecrate a life to teaching, preaching, translating the gospel, and sacrificing themselves.

All kinds of agencies are employed for the one obect in view. The civilizing and uplifting power of various agencies is not overlooked by the missionary. He knows what change must eventually come if he plants a school, gathers a handful of girls and boys and rescues their minds from the wilderness of ignorance. He realizes what will happen if a hospital can be equipped, and the wretched, diseased creatures come for treatment. Superstition is easily dispelled at the point of a lancet; fear of some heathen deity disappears before the fever breaking power of quinine. Burdens intolerable are lightened by skilful operations. All this the missionary knows. But he sees something better. These are but so many means of getting the gospel into men, that he may get men into the gospel.

The missionary recognizes the value of individual and hand to hand work. Our missionary women go where the men may not. Their ministrations in zenana work have accomplished more than can be recorded. The home is the center of civilization and godliness, and the constant touch of a devoted, refined, educated lady on the lives of poor, suffering, often diseased women, works a miracle. In spite of an environment of gross wickedness, of customs which have become regnant through generations, of prejudices installed from childhood, this hand to hand work makes willing converts, who come to know the poy of religious life, and the power of a living Christ.

The missionary learns also that his field is much more extensive than the locality of which his home is a centre. Excursions into the surrounding country, with a few native converts to help sing and give simple testimony, a baby organ to attract the passer-by are a part of his work. Of late years the stereopticon is doing splendid service. In the warm night in a Hindoo settlement, after the work of the day is over, men, women and children gather in front of the great sheet on which pictures of Christ's life and death are cast, while the missionary tells of redeeming love as a remedy for sin. Tracts, portions of the gospel, and good literature are sold and distributed, thus scattering seed to fall on remoter ground.

In these, and other ways, the work is carried forward. Christian Endeavorers do a good share of it, living consistent, Christlike lives by prayer and consecration, and leaving no effort untried to bring their companions to Christ. Can we do better than imitate them?

CHINA A MOST PROGRESSIVE NATION.

The Rev. George J. Bond, B.A., who has recently returned from an extended visit to all the mission stations of Canadian Methodism in China and Japan, has now a book on the press, which, we believe, will bear the title, "Our Share in China, and What We Are Doing With It." From one of the chapters in that volume we take the following most interesting summing up of the situation in China today. Most magnificently it throws the challenge in the face of the Christian churches of today:

China has made more advance during the past nine years than in all the four thousand years of her previous history. Indeed, in that period she has made more progress than any other nation.

Napoleon said: "When China moves, it will change the face of the globe." And China is moving mightily. For ages she has been facing the past, and seeking to pre-empt it. The greatest social revolution in the history of the world has taken place in China. She has abandoned her long-established educational system, and adopted instead the newest curricula of the most modern Western schools and colleges. The old examination cells, where her scholars wrote theses on the moss-grown memorabilia of the classics and filled their papers with venerable but useless lore, have given place to Imperial universities, where her coming leaders are being trained in law, in science, in economics, in engineering, in the thousands and one things that go to make up equipment for practical life and service. Primary

and secondary schools, middle, high, normal and technical schools, are being established throughout the empire. Thousands of young men of the best families are going abroad, many at their parents' expense, many at the expense and by the direction of the Government, to sit for five or six years at the feet of the best teachers in the best colleges of Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Japan and the United States, and to come back to China and give their country the benefit of the training they have acquired. In ten years time, in twenty, in another generation, what vast changes these things will have brought about!

In addition to the extraordinary educational revolution just spoken of, she has passed through others equally significant of her changed attitude to Western thought and civilization. She has accepted the principle of constitutional government, and is preparing for the establishment of a national parliament and provincial assemblies in 1917. She is projecting a fleet and drilling an army in modern methods. She has already built and equipped great arsenals, and factories for smokeless powder. She has multiplied her post-offices from a few score to over two thousand, and established an excellent postal system. She is pushing forward her telegraphs throughout the provinces, and not only to the borders of Tibet, but even to the mysterious city of Lhasa. She has four thousand miles of railway already built, and is projecting four thousand more. She is demanding the abolition of ex-territorial courts. She has issued edicts providing for the utter prohibition, within ten years, of the cultivation, manufacture, sale and use of opium, edicts which have already been executed with such sternness that the terrible evil has been greatly reduced. She has issued an edict against the dreadful practice of foot-binding, which destroys one girl in ten throughout the empire, and cripples all the others. Two hundred newspapers have been established: one of them, published in Pekin, and edited by a woman, being the only daily newspaper for women in the world. More significant sti,ll from the missionary point of view, one of her great officials, the Viceroy of Fukien, recently prohibited collections for idolatrous processions; another Viceroy ordered that each of his subordinate officials, numbering thousands, should possess himself of a copy of the New Testament; and a third, the Viceroy of Hunan and Hupeh, decreed that the New Testament should be studied side by side with the classics in the public schools of these great provinces. A hundred and twenty-five Pekin students have joined the Student Volunteer Missionary Movement.

China is moving, indeed, and, as Napoleon truly said, it will change the face of the globe. But how? There are not wanting those who look on her movement as a portent of evils to come. They talk of "The Yellow Peril," and predict disaster and havoc to Western civilization, when the millions of China become conscious of their own strength. As the Goths and Vandals swooped down upon and overran the fair provinces of the Roman empire, so, say these prophets of ill, may the swarthy nations of the Orient, Japan with her fifty millions, India with her two hundred millions, China with her 400,000,000, with disciplined and scientifically equipped armies commensurate with their vast populations, swoop down upon and overrun the civilization of the West. Not now the Mediterranean or the Atlantic, but the Pacific, is to be the world's most tremendous and decisive battles. That prophecy of ill is quite possible of fulfilment.

But shall that prophecy be fulfilled? Not if the Christian Church does her duty today. Not if the development of China becomes, not anti-Christian, or even non-Christian, but predominantly Christian. Christian schools and universities in China itself, to Christianize this movement for Western education, and to train the eager minds of China's young people under Christian auspices and Christian influence, are of immeasurable strategic impo-tance at this hour. In high place and low, among the sons of the illiterate, and the sons of the literati, once the bitterest opponents of the Gospel, the teaching of Western learning by missionaries is eagerly welcomed. We may have young China under our influence, in young China's most plastic and impressionable years, if we will not grudge the men or the money.

Let the churches of the West do their fully duty by China and by Christ and no "yellow peril" need ever alarm the world. The Chinese are pre-eminently a peace-loving people. The profession of arms has never had recognized place in the precepts of their sages or in the provisions of their body politic. It would have none today but for the exigencies of self-defense and the example of Christian nations. The Chinese love peace, and the development of the Chinese nation will make for peace. Sir Robert Hart, the "greatest of living Irishmen," son of a Wesleyan local preacher, who knows China so well and had done so much for her, said, the other day in London, that the Chinese were a "strangely reasonable people;" and in a century or two she might be strong enough to dictate peace terms to the world, and by always throwing herself on the side of the party attacked, make war impossible and bring in the millennium. To turn that prophecy into reality is a task worthy of the church of Jesus Christ.—The Christian Guardian.

Among the Churches

Berkeley, First.—Two persons united with the church at the last communion service|

Los Angeles, West End.—The Rev. F. A. Field who resigned recently the pastorate of this church will rest for a time at Glendale.

Redondo.—The Retreat held at Redonodo was a success. It was well attended and of much spiritual uplift. In December another will be held at Sierra Madre.

Tulare.—The Rev. R. B. Dunlap, recently of Oleander, has accepted the call to the pastorate, and will enter on the work October 1st. The church is encouraged with the outlook. For the next two Sundays the Rev. N. Gause of San Francisco will supply.

Oakland, Second.—The Sunday evening meetings at which the relations of the Church and the workingman were considered have resulted in good. Men were brought out and interested who had not been inside of a church for many years. Some said to the pastor, if that is the way you do, we want more of the Church.

Beckwith.—Mr. Wilson Morley, approbated at the last meeting of the Bay Association, has accepted a call to the work at Beckwith. Mr. Morley has had large experience for many years as a lay preacher. In the work at Beckwith he will hold services at Clio, sixteen miles away on the Western Pacific and at Portola, formerly known as Mohawk. For several weeks the work at Beckwith and at these other points has been looked after by the Rev. Thomas Magill, general missionary.

Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church, Los Angeles.—Twelve new members were received last Sabbath (September 5th); one on confession. At a recent Sabbath morning the remaining three hundred dollars were raised to finish payment on the lot which has been purchased for our church site. We hope to build a beautiful church in the near future. Our present membership is 87. Charles W. Howkins is pastor. A large number of fine residences are being built around us making something like 24 erections in four months. This speaks well for our future. Our Sunday-school and attendance at church services is growing rapidly. We look for a bright future.

Corona.—The pastor returned from his vacation for September 12, and was greeted heartily by large congregations. In the evening Rev. W. C. Wilcox of our mission force in East Africa, now stopping at Claremont while preparing a Zulu version of the Bible for the press, gave a very instructive stereopticon lecture upon the life in that country. He lays especial emphasis upon the industrial features in which the Catholic monks have already done great work and won thousands of adherents. Mr. Ferris thinks that for genuine rest and inspiration there is no place like Forest Home. Up among the great mountains, with fine water, pure air, the best of company and hospitality at the inn, it is exceedingly attractive both to those craving society and solitude. It makes a special appeal to people of our denomination, as most of its directors are Congregationalists. Much credit is due to Rev. F. J. Culver for the management of this splendid hostelry.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

(Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle, Washington.

Seattle, Fairmount.—A very enjoyable entertainment was given recently and a considerable sum was added to the building fund.

Seattle, West Side.—Dr. Dunstan has returned from a three months' trip in the East where he lectured several times before various Chatauqua assemblages. Dr. Dunstan thinks that the time has come for a Puget Sound Assembly. It has been tried several times but so far without eliciting the necessary interest. The Ladies' Aid Society began their fall work and the Christian Endeavor held its first meeting since early summer, the Sunday School held a very enjoyable and successful picnic on Lake Washington. The Junior Endeavor Society organized and carried to success a Fair. The work of preparing and furnishing the booths was done by the young people themselves and after paying all expenses six dollars were turned over to the hymn book fund.

Sunday-school and Publishing Society.—After long correspondence and an earnest attempt on the part of those interested in the society's work in this state the appropriation has been reduced compelling the releasing of Rev. John T. Percival and using but half time of Rev. J. L. Hershner, the H. M. S. employing him for the remainder. This step is to be exceedingly regretted as the work in the state is growing too quickly for curtailment. But if our churches are not alive to the necessities the Society cannot but retrench. We hope Washington will increase its gifts to the S. S. and P. S. to such an extent that the full complement of workers can be maintained. The relations between the work of the S. S. and P. S. and the H. M. S. are such that to cripple one is to cripple the other also. We hope this question will be discussed at the State Conference. Rev. J. T. Percival has worked hard and faithfully and with much success for eight or ten years in eastern Washington and his many friends in the Sunday Schools he has established and cared for will greatly miss him. In the readjustment of fields made necessary by this step some regions will not be so fully cared for and less new work can be undertaken. Mr. Percival has kindly offered to look after some matters that need immediate attention and with which he is more familiar than the other workers. We wish him joy and success in whatever work he takes up.

Rev. Samuel Green D. D. and Mrs. Greene entertained the ministers of Seattle and several from the neighboring cities and towns at their beautiful Fremont home Sept. 8th. A most enjoyable evening was spent in social intercourse and in inspecting the house which has been recently bought and extensively remodeled. Mrs. W. C. Kantner and Mrs. C. R. Gale assisted Mrs. Greene in serving the refreshments. Many interesting curios that Dr. and Mrs. Greene had collected in Europe and Asia were shown and explained. When the guests, among whom was Dr. Geo. Adam Smith, were ready to return home, they were surprised to find that they were expected to carry with them a souvenir of the occasion of their own selection from a large supply of Mrs. Greene's skillful pyrographic works. Every one was glad to get this evidence of Mrs. Greene's thought and affection but no one neded it as a remembrance of the gathering for that was an unforgetable pleasure. Everybody wishes Dr. and Mrs. Greene much joy in their delightful home so beautiful within and with one of Seattle's matchless views without.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE.

The Northern California Congregational Conference will meet in annual session with the church in Santa Cruz, Rev. J. B. Orr, pastor, Tuesday afternoon, October 12th, 1909, continuing through Wednesday and Thursday. Each Congregational church within the territory of the Conference connected with a local Association is entitled to representation by two elected delegates. For each full one hundred members in excess of two hundred a church is entitled to one additional delegate, provided that no church, however large, shall be represented by more than five delegates. All ministers, members of local Associations, are members of the Conference.

The committee on program, Rev. A. B. Patten, chairman, will make announcement of program.

The usual courtesies will be extended by the railroad, provided fifty avail themselves of the one and one-third

rate. Will delegates and others intending to make use of this rate notify the registrar during the week previous to the meeting of the Conference?

Attention is called to the date of the meeting, October 12th—a week earlier than previously announced. The change has been made by the directors as the Portola festival will absorb public attention during the week originally set apart for the Conference.

Following the session at Santa Cruz there will be a brief business session in the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, on Friday, October 15th, in order to comply with Article IX of the By-laws.

H. E. Jewett, Registrar.

2511 Benvenue Ave., Berkeley, Sept. 14, 1909.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The annual meeting will be held in the First Congregational Church, Oakland, Thursday, September 23rd. Sessions at 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

Addresss will be given by Mrs. T. C. Edwards of San Jose, Mrs. E. Y. Van Meter of Los Angeles, and others.

Please note the hour of the morning session, that we may have not only a large, but also a prompt attendance.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

Next Monday the paper at the meeting of the Congregational Ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by the Rev. Mr. Von Lubken of Fitchburg. The following Monday the Rev. R. K. Ham will speak on "The Man in the Pew."

THE HOME

HOUSEHOLD TRIBULATION.

The home is not what it was long ago.
  There's "litterychoor" in each room.
We're all of us talkin' more careful an' slow
  An' wearin' expressions of gloom.
Nobody makes jokes or tells stories or sings,
  'Cause laughter ain't truly refined
An' we're puttin' our thoughts on superior things
  Since Maw is improvin' her mind!

We're talkin' 'bout Shakespeare an' Browning an' Keats.
  The biscuits look queer an' taste wrong,
But she says it's no difference what a man eats
  If his intellect's healthy an' strong.
An' Paw says a "culture club's" harder to bear
  Than the ten plagues of Egypt combined,
And excuses himself to go outdoors an' swear
  While Maw is improving her mind.

We're trying to heed the example she sets,
  Though the pace she has struck makes us pant.
She says "cawn't" and "shawn't"; but she sometimes forgets
  And falls back on plain "can't" and "shan't."
Tnis morning Paw said, as he stood at the door,
  He was more than three-quarters inclined
To camp out an' never come home any more
  Till Maw quits improvin' her mind!

—Washington Star.

FRANKNESS WITH THE DAUGHTER.

By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Playing at hide-and-seek with our daughters is such a mistake. We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that she is changing daily, that every day adds to her development. We must be aware that each month and each year which rolls over her head carries her closer to womanhood. We know that she does not look upon life at seventeen as she looked upon it at fourteen, and she knows that we know it.

It is no use for us to say: "O, Elsie is still a child. She never gives a thought to such things." Elsie is not a child any longer, and the sooner we cease playing at this game of hide-and-seek with her the better it will be for us both. We want the broad, full light of day upon all our thonghts and all our deeds where our daughters are concerned. Literally, she must be heart of our hearts and soul of our own souls if we would see her develop into true, noble womanhood with a mind far above petty things, subterfuge and deceit.

THINGS TO AVOID.

Anticipating evils in the future.

Fault-finding, nagging, and worrying.

Dwelling on fancied slights or wrongs.

Scolding and flying into a passion over trifles.

Thinking that life is a grind and not worth living.

Talking constantly about yourself and your affairs.

Depreciating yourself and making light of your abilities.

Saying unkind things about acquaintances and friends.

Lamenting the past, holding on to disagreeable experiences.

Pitying yourself and bemoaning your lack of opportunities.

Writing letters when the blood is hot which you may regret later.

Carping and criticizing. See the best rather than the worst in others.

Dreaming that you would be happier in some other place or circumstances.

Belittling those whom you envy because you feel that they are superior to yourself.

Speculating as to what you would do in some one else's place. Do your best in your own.

Gazing idly into the future and dreaming about it instead of making the most of the present.—London Opinion.

THE UNBEARABLE GRIEF.

In an article in Harper's Bazar, under the title, "The Great Hope," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes of consolation for the bereaved. The article is one of that most interesting series on the subject of life after death, to which William Dean Howells, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and John Bigelow have contributed. In this paper the author says:

"He is a fortunate mourner who finds his sorrow unhaunted by specters darker than itself. Remorse is the one worst, the one intolerable element in affliction. Blessed beyond his own knowledge is he who finds himself companioned only by gentle memories of his dead: He to whom the acutetst pangs possible to grief are strangers: he whose love for the living, like the love of the New Testament definition, was 'kind,' while it had the opportunity.

"There is no more pitiable being in the world than a man who, really loving, or really believing that he loved, yet inflicted upon the living—perhaps in the fire of anger, or perhaps in the froth of thoughtlessness—that for which he can not ask the pardon of the dead. The hurt may have been slight, if you choose to call it so, but it takes on a mortal character in the retrospect. There was a duel of natures or a war of words; there was an hour stained with red which has dyed the memory through and through; they who loved became as they who hated—and wounds slashed where caresses had been; and perhaps the dead forget, but the living—God pity him!—remembers. . .

"It would be a waste of the emotional force to dwell upon the element of remorse in bereavement, if it did not carry its own consoling quality with it—and this, I think, in a peculiar way it does. Nothing is so sure as that love forgives. Although we love, we may hurt. In proportion as we are beloved, we shall be forgiven. What if we did harass him to the quick for whom we mourn? What if we did wound her to the death for whom we grieve? In all the world of life or death, he would be the first—she would be the swiftest—to forget. It may be well 'to have it out' with our haunted memories once for all, and trust the dearest dead, as we should have trusted the dear living to comfort us for the very wrong that we wrought upon themselves."

TRAINING A CHILD'S HUMOR.

The little boy who said: "When my mamma doesn't laugh at a thing I know it is not good fun," was receiving the right training of this emotion. It implied that the mother did laugh when there was good fun, and there is as much in that as in refraining from encouraging the wrong kind. Some parents become too solenm and serious ever to laugh with their children. They, in fact, suppress all mirthful tendency until the sense of humor seems entirely lacking, or asserts itself in some abnormal way. Others allow the child's humor full sway, without check or guidance, for the lack of which it often runs beyond the bounds of propriety into wrong channels.

Such training, therefore, is necessary as will give the child a correct estimate of pure humor; as will cultivate it in him, and make him able to appreciate it in others.

Pure humor, or "good fun," as the little boy expressed it, is that which not only provokes a laugh, but that engenders good feeling; helps its participants throw off care and sorrow and be merry and glad and good. It is not that kind that a boy finds in tying a tin can to a dog's tail; that leads young people to say sharp things at the expense of another's feelings or because of their infirmities; or that portrays and begets dishonesty and disrespect as do the class of stories found in our funny (?) papers, the humorous element of which hinges upon such themes as colored people's preference for chicken and watermelon; the ungraciousness of mothers-in-law; the pert replies of saucy children; the proverbial laziness of the tramp. The reading of which and of such juvenile humorous literature (save the mark) as is deplorably popular, even with such people who should see farther and know better, is very often the cause of the lax morals and rude manners so frequently lamented as prevalent among American young people.

Children like fun, and are naturally drawn to the places where it is to be found and the people who provide it. Hence, the drift of little ones not otherwise supplied toward the cook in the kitchen, the man in the stable, the companions in the street who play with them, show them tricks, teach them practical jokes, tell or read to them amusing stories. Is it fair to those children for the parents to feel satisfied just so they are entertained, not knowing, or indeed caring, by what means?

I do not say that it is impossible for pure humor to emanate from these sources. On the contrary, you may sometimes find the domestics in a family not only more patient and good natured with the children, but more refined in manner and discrimination in judgment, than the parents; but this condition does not generally prevail.

Should that great desideratum ever obtain of having the moral atmosphere of the home entirely safe equally in all its departments it would still be solely the parents' duty to preside at these feasts of fun of which their children would partake, as well as to know of what they consist. For what parents would wish alien hands to grasp this great opportunity, hold the influence and wield the power that lies almost more than anywhere else in the proper use of childhood's tendency to mirthfulness?

Can we not recall how greatly our childish fun was increased by being shared by the father, mother, or both? How their act of thus coming so near us in our enjoyment endeared them to us! How their joining in our laugh made any lesson they wished to teach us not less, but more, acceptable?

I know two little girls who were led to turn the disagreeable duty of dishwashing into a real jubilee by making it a time to tell humorous incidents and impersonate comical characters.

That laughter aids digestion is expressed rather inelagantly in the well-known sentiment, "Laugh and grow fat." We should make it our motto so far as selecting topics for table talk, making them, as far as possible, mirth provoking, and certainly excluding anything of a gloomy or harrowing nature.

The people who, we say, have a vein of humor are the ones whose company we like best, who are given a hearty welcome wherever they go; but those who are tempted by the popularity which humor brings them to abuse its possession, to make its play so perpetual as to become tiresome and turn themselves into veritable clowns, are not at all desirable as constant companions.

Training the emotion of humor in a child consists in part, then, of teaching him an appreciation, of time and and place and people.—Condensed from "Trained Motherhood."

LET'S PRETEND.

Let's pretend a little while,
That the world is managed right.

That there's little which is vile,
  That there's much to give delight.

Let us hopefully pretend
  That the luck we have is fair;
Let us put a sudden end
  To the murmurs of despair.

Let's pretend just for to-day
  That our hearts are free from woe,
That the wind blows just the way
  We would like to have it blow.

Let's pretend that what we do
  Is the work we like the best;
Let's pretend the scene we view
  Is of all the loveliest.

Let's pretend we're satisfied
  Let's pretend we're brave and strong:
Maybe after we have tried
  We can do it right along.

—S. E. KING.

Our Young People

THE DUEL.

By Eugene Field.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
  Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you think?)
Not one nor t'other had slept a wink!
  The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
  Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
  What was told me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
  While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
  Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
  (Now mind; I'm only telling you
  What the old Dutch clock declares its true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
  Employing every tooth and claw
  In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, Oh, how the gingham and calico flew
  (Don't fancy I exaggerate—
  I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
  But the truth about the cat and pup
  Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that?
  (The old Dutch clock told me so,
  And that is how I came to know.)

THE MEN OF HINDUSTAN.

"I tell you there are not."

The cousin from Pennsylvania raised his voice. His face was very red. "don't you suppose I know? I have seen the ocean often enough. We go to Atlantic City nearly every summer, and I tell you there is nothing but sand. Rocks, indeed! Why, where would the Boardwalk be? There are miles and miles of Boardwalk, and underneath it is the beach, and it is all sand. There are no rocks."

"And I tell you there are!"

The cousin from California spoke with equal vehemence. "Haven't I been to the seashore, too, as well as you, Mr. Smarty? Haven't I walked and climbed over the rocks? Haven't I slipped on them and cut my hands, and don't I know what I'm talking about?"

He ran into the house, and came out waving a photograph trimphantly in the air.

"There, Mister! Look there! Uncle George took that himself right along the coast. I was standing right behind the camera. There wasn't a drop of sand anywhere."

"Drop of sand," mocked the Pennsylvania cousin, "drop of sand. 'Little grains of water, little drops of sand,' " he began, and then stopped suddenly and whirled about, facing his cousin.

"There's the proof right there," he shouted, "Why would the man who wrote that say 'little grains of sand make the mighty ocean,' if it hadn't been true?" he demanded.

"He didn't say it," answered the cousin from California, firmly. "He said,—

" 'Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
  Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.'

It's the grains of sand that make the land, and the drops of water that make up the ocean, and you've proved that you're not as smart as you think you are."

The little Iowa cousin tried to make peace. The two boys were her guests, and perhaps she could pour oil on the troubled waters. "Maybe it was a lake Freddie saw," she ventured, but Fred vehemently repudiated the idea.

"It wasn't a lake at all; it was the ocean; and there were no rocks; only sand."

"He doesn't know what he's talking about; there are rocks everywhere."

"Then let's talk about something else," suggested the peacemaker, but neither of the boys would have it so.

"I tell you there are."

"I tell you there are not."

There is no knowing how long it would have lasted had not Aunt Alice laid down the book she was trying to read.

"Boys," she called, "you remind me of a poem I learned when I was a school-girl, and had to recite one Friday afternoon. Come over here and let me tell you the story of it."

They came readily enough, for, truth to tell, each one was beginning to feel ashamed of himself, but did not quite

know how to end the foolish quarrel without giving up his own contention, and that neither would do.

The poem began this way," said Aunt Alice:

" 'There were six men of Hindustan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
Though all of them were blind,
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

" 'The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake."

" 'The second approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl,
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall.'

"It's a good many years sincel have thought of it," went on Aunt Alice, "and I do not remember all the rhymes well enough to repeat them, but the story tells of one who, catching the elephant's tail, insisted that the animal must be like a rope. Still another touched his broad ears, and thought he was like a fan. The fifth felt his broad legs, and then thought the elephant must be exactly like a tree; while the sixth, taking hold of the sharp tusks, was positive he was like a spear.

" 'Now these six men of Hindustan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Yet each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.'

"Do you see now why I said you boys reminded me of them? The seashore at Atlantic City is just as Freddie has said it was,—sand, sand everywhere. A beautiful beach where the children can build sand houses all day long, and play or even gallop on horseback along the coast for a long distance. But all of the Atlantic coast is not like that; part of it is just like the picture your Uncle George took in California. I have seen it look just that along the Massachusetts coast. Then, again, I have heard travelers speak of other parts of California where the beach is a fine, broad one, so the Pacific coast has both rocky and sandy stretches.

" 'Though each was partly in the right,
They both were in the wrong.' "

Now she said briskly, turning the subject, "There go the men to pick cherries. Don't you all three want to help them?"

And with little screams of delight from the younger Alice, and loud whoops of joy from both boys, the three ran toward the trees which stood laden with beautiful fruit, waiting to be picked for market.—Francis Gardiner, in the Presbyterian.

THE LITTLE BLACKBERRY GIRL.

"Blackberries! Blackberries! Blackberries!"

We had been ittting in the patent swing under the big maple tree in our yard a long time, trying to get cool that hot summer day, Mary Fisher and I, when he heard the shrill cry.

"Who's that?" said Mary, looking toward the dusty highway, down which was trudging a little girl in a faded calico dress, pink sunbonnet, and with bare feet.

"That's the little blackberry girl," I said.

"Where does she live?"" asked Mary.

"I don't know," I made answer carelessly, for I was not a bit interested and did not want Mary to be. "I never asked her. I don't even know her name. She just comes and goes and everybody calls her the little blackberry girl. Don't look at her, or she'll want you to buy."

"Well, why not?" asked Mary. "I have some money. I'd just as lief get some as not. I love blackberries. Call her in, Sadie. I want to talk to her. And she looks so tired and hot. If we're uncomfortable, what must she be?"

I didn't like it, not one little bit, but there was nothing else to do, for Mary Fisher was my visitor, and a visitor that I prized very highly, so I did as she requested. I called to the little blackberry girl and told her to come in.

"Did you want some berries?" she asked, smiling all over her face.

"These must have been picked this morning," said Mary, "they look so nice and fresh.'

"They were, miss. I was up before four to get at the berries."

"Before four! I don't see how you can do it. Where do you live?"

"Down by the old stone mill. It's quite a little step up the mountain, but I like the walk in the early morning. Everything seems so happy and bright, and the air is full of the singing of the birds. I love to go after berries."

"I shouldn't think you would," I said. "Just see how the briars scratch up your hands and feet."

"Oh, that's nothing at all," she said, cheerfully. "I never feel the scratches, and they're gone in a day or two. I just think how many nickels and dimes I am going to get for them. That pays for all the scratches."

"Don't you wish, sometimes," Mary said, "that you were rich and could live in a fine house like this and wear nice clothes and do just as you please?"

"No, I don't think so," was the laughing reply. "You see, I was made to work, and I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I couldn't, and mother says labor is one of the greatest blessings in the world."

"Wait a minute," I said, as she rose to go. "I know mamma would buy your berries if she were here, so I'll take them." And feeling very generous, I made her empty her basket, and while I went to put them away I had Mary bring her out some cake and iced lemonade.

"I'll tell mother I've been to a party," she said. "Now I can go straight home and help her iron."

Mary and I looked at each other shamefacedly. We had done nothing but grumble all day about the heat and the dulness of everything, and there was this little girl actually jolly over having to work.

"Sadie," said she at last, "let's get to work at something. I am ashamed of myself. What ails us is perfect idleness. I've learned a lesson from the little blackberry girl. The idea of her being contented with her life and our grumbling at ours!"—Baptist Boys and Girls.

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The Sixty-Third Annual Meeting

Of the American Missionary Association

At Burlington, Vermont, October 19th to the 21st, Inclusive

PREACHER Rev. S. H. Woodrow, D.D., of Washington, D. C., preaches the annual sermon on Tuesday evening, October 19th. Communion service will follow the sermon.

PROBLEMS The problems of Christian patriotism in the settlement of which the American Missionary Association is busy from year to year will be discussed by experts from many fields. A large representation from among those who are on the firing line of the active missionary efforts will be presented. Clergymen and laymen of national and international prominence will be present and add greatly to the value of the gatherings.

PROOGRAM The program is varied and comprehensive. The mission field of the Association has been so greatly increased in the past few years that the variety and interest of the annual meetings have never been wanting. The southern problem will be discussed by able and well-informed speakers.

The unique and interesting work among the Island Territories already under our flag and a part of the work of the American Missionary Association, will be presented.

COMMITTEES The churches of Burlington present a cordial invitation to delegates elected to attend this meeting and this beautiful Vermont city will present special attractions. Committees are being organized in Burlington and the names of the chairmen will be published later.

All correspondence directed to Mr. W. J. Van Patten, 386 Pearl Street, Burlington, Vt., will receive prompt attention.

DELEGATES Every contributing church, local association and state conference is entitled to be represented at the annual meeting of the A. M. A. in the person of two elected delegates and the pastor of each local church. This presents genuine Congregationalism, the Association being administered by the representatives of the churches. Each church and association is urged to select its delegates in time so that they may be reported for entertainment.

THE CLOSING MONTH OF THE FISCAL YEAR September is the closing month. The American Missionary Association represents work among the neediest millions of our own body politic. The appeal for increased suppoort of this work comes with the emphasis of Christian patriotism. Schools to the number of 101, stretching from Porto Rico to Alaska and from Savannah to Hawaii, enrolling nearly 18,000 pupils are included in the field of this Association. Shops, farms, hospitals, churches, schools are helped through this agency.

In this closing month of September the need of the treasury is very great and this appeal goes forth to patriotic Christian citizens to meet tne opportunities and neds of this great work by sending a check to Rev. George W. Hinman, Secretary of the Pacific District, Johnson Building, Seattle, Washington.

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue; and as he held open the door, she said "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to companion.

"No, what?"

"Why that lady said, 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite my boy, remember that."

Years passed away; and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, whom she thanked.

'Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to do something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conv sation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments, stocks and bonds.—Young People.